THE

LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

FEBRUARY, 1822.

MISS POVEY.

MISS POVEY, whose portrait we had the pleasure of giving in our Number for December, 1821, was born in the year 1804, at Birmingham, where her parents were respectably settled in business.

Her father (possessing a fine toned tenor voice of much sweetness, Miss Povey may be said, in some degree, to inherit that superior volume and clearness of voice, which, aided by the industry she has applied to its cultivation, has raised her to a rank the highest in her profession) was for many years a member of the Oratorio Choral Fund, and was justly celebrated for the strength and melody of his voice. Her brother, also possessing considerable vocal merit, was elected a member of that society.

Thus born, as it were, in the lap of Harmony, Miss Povey had those advantages of early initiation into the study of music, as naturally to acquire that ease of intonation and delicacy of cadence for which she is so much distinguished. Those peculiar characteristics in her singing were conspicuous so early as the year 1811, when she was introduced to the members of the above-mentioned society, and unanimously elected to a seat amongst them, being then only seven years of age. The prospect which this flattering compliment opened to her view was but of short duration, as Miss Povey had the misfortune to lose her amiable and affectionate mother,

soon after that event, and her family quitted a place which could not fail to remind them of their loss.

At Leamington Spa, to which place they removed, Miss Povey soon became known, and under the recommendation of some valuable friends, she was induced to proceed to Cheltenham, where she had the good fortune to attract the notice of a lady residing in that town, who is no less distinguished by her connexions than esteemed for her beneficence. Finding Miss Povey's private worth and disposition capable of the strictest scrutiny, this lady undertook the superintendance of her education, and as an introduction to public notice, proposed a concert for her benefit. This concert was kindly patronized by the Earls Essex and Pomfret, and the Ladies Perth, Castlestuart, and Hudson: and such was the enthusiastic reception she met with from a numerous audience, that it was determined to place her immediately with a master competent to improve those talents with which she was by nature so liberally endowed.

To this end, Mr. T. Cooke, the present director of the orchestra at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, whose skill as a performer, and whose complete knowledge of music is universally admitted, was selected. We avail ourselves of this opportunity to congratulate him on the success that has attended his labors as regards the subject of these memoirs, as also on the good fortune of his other fair pupils.

We have little more to add than to express the pleasure we have received at learning the opinion which the late Mr. Bartleman publicly expressed on Miss Povey's talents, as well as the incomparable Madame Mara, who has pronounced an encomium which Dr. Kitchener in his observations on vocal music has considered deserving a place in that valuable work, and which will have more weight than any praise that we could bestow. From page 24 of which, we quote the following:—"Madame Mara very benevolently gave lessons to several professional singers, of whom her favorite was Miss Povey, who she pronounced to be the most promising singer she heard here."

Miss Povey has lately recovered from a most severe indisposition, and we cannot better prove the respect entertained for her, than by stating, that the danger of her situation created the most unfeigned anxiety, not only amongst her

immediate friends, persons of the highest rank and respectability, but of all admirers of public talent and private worth.

Miss Povey made her first appearance for the benefit of Mr. T. Cooke, June 3d, 1817; and her flattering reception on that occasion led to a favorable offer from Mr. Elliston, who engaged her for a term of three years, commencing from September, 1819.

DIOGENES,

The cynic, was so jealous of the fame of Plato, and either despised, or affected to despise the polished manners and fine taste that distingushed that eminent philopher, that he took every opportunity of insulting him. Happening one day to dine with him in company of many other learned men of the day, he trampled upon the handsome tapestry which adorned the apartment with his dirty feet, and vented the bitterness of his heart in the following sarcasm. "I trample upon the pride of Plato." The mild philosopher, unmoved by the unprovoked rudeness of the speaker, very calmly replied, "With the still greater pride of Diogenes."

DANTE.

The Duke of Verona once pointing to the buffoon, or fool, that belonged to the court, remarked to Dante, how singular it was, that such a being should attract universal regard and attention, while he, who was gifted with such transcendant abilities, should be incapable of gaining either. "Oh!" quickly rejoined Dante, "there is nothing extraordinary in that—a similitude of character is the very basis of friendship."

CROYLAND ABBEY;

A TALE, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARRIAGE."

(Continued from page 14.)

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Its glories are no more. The scythe of Time
And sterner hand of man, has wrought its fall,
And laid its honors in the dust.

In the meantime Tetha had been aroused from her stupor to a sense of the keenest suffering; her attendants trembled for her safety; but amidst all their apprehensions she remained calm. The thought that, if Heaven had spared her beloved Penwald, she should have the delight of presenting him with his new-born babe, supported her strength and checked every impatient expression.

From the watch-tower the warder was able to see the engagement, and he faithfully imparted his observations to the domestics, who as eagerly reported them to their mistress. The shouts of victory were so loud and reiterated, that they caught his attentive ear, and instantly the glad tidings were spread through the castle. "He is safe then," exclaimed the almost-exhausted Tetha; "gracious Heaven! I thank thee!" "Behold your son!" cried the transported attendants. "Long live the heir of Penwald!" "My beautiful! my own!" murmured the feeble mother as they laid the infant in her arms; she closed her eyes and appeared so faint that they deemed it prudent to let her remain in perfect quietness. The news, however, had been quickly disseminated, and many were the eager steps that hastened to convey the welcome intelligence to their lord; but what were the disappointment and anguish of the impatient messengers, when instead of meeting their victorious master, they encountered only the melancholy train that were bearing him a breathless corpse to his late happy home. They fell back in the procession which was now winding along the side of the wood that skirted the castle, and by which it was concealed from the view of the warder, who now waited in anxious suspense for their return. Eagerly he strained his

eye across the plain, when suddenly he caught the sound of lamentation, and checking the tumultuous shouts from below, he listened with breathless attention and increasing alarm to the mournful notes that now swelled on the gale. The dreadful truth was soon manifest, and one universal sensation of the deepest sorrow pervaded all.

Unconscious of the calamity that awaited her, and exhausted by previous suffering, Tetha's sleep was profound and long; and the mournful cavalcade had reached the castle, and the body of its murdered lord been removed into the hall without disturbing her. Some slight noise in the apartment, however, aroused her; she hastily lifted up her eyes, but though delight still throbbed at her heart, its cause for an instant was forgotten; but the blissful confusion was soon dissipated, and her babe was pressed to her bosom with all the rapture of sober reality. She longed to look at it, but felt almost afraid to remove it from her bosom; but at length she ventured to put it a little way from her, and for the first time contemplated its features. For some moments she regarded it in mute extacy, till tears, such as mothers only shed, blinded her sight, and fell upon its cheek. She wished to kiss them off, but dreaded disturbing its gentle slumber, and she listened with suspended respiration to its low soft breathings, which thrilled with encreasing delight every fibre of her heart. Again and again she examined every lineament and every mark of its little face, and though unwilling to break its repose, she now wished to behold it unclose its eyes. "Did it resemble its father?" she frequently asked itself; she was unable to determine, but to her enraptured imagination she read in its placid and composed look the future sanctity of the saint, for such she had long believed he would prove.

"My precious, my holy child," she murmured, "already thou art regarded by the approving eye of Heaven. Thou, like the glorious symbol I beheld, shalt shine in this dark and guilty age; my Guthlac's name shall stand enrolled on high, and consecrated among men; attendant seraphs shall guard his footsteps here, and angels hail him in their own blest realms of joy."

At this instant the features of the babe became unsettled, and it uttered a sudden cry; the mournful sound struck a

momentary pang to the heart of its mother. She pressed it closely to her breast, and was about to call for assistance; its uneasiness, however, was transient, and it again slept as sweetly as before. A new train of thought, however, was awakened in her mind, and she was recalled to the painful recollection that though Heaven was to be the ultimate reward of her darling's virtue, earth must first be the scene of its trial. "Alas!" she sighed, "thou art yet born in a world of sorrow, and sad experience proves that man is made to mourn. Fatal inheritance of sin! oh! would that on thy mother's head alone might fall the ills that may be designed for thee; for doubly will her heart be pierced when thou must suffer. But wherefore tarries my Penwald? My joy is not yet complete till he partakes it." She now enquired of her maidens whether any messenger from their lord had yet arrived; they replied in the negative. The manner and tone in which their answer was given communicated an instant alarm, and throwing back the drapery which concealed them from her view, she beheld in their sorrowful countenances a confirmation of a terror, which she was scarcely sensible of entertaining. She sunk back on her pillow without motion, and almost without life, while her affrighted and inconsiderate attendants hurried round her, and destroyed by their passionate exclamations every hope that prudence would have wished to encourage. She gazed upon them without uttering a single sound; the faculties of her soul seemed suspended, and her features remained as immovable as if they were in reality transfixed in death. In vain they addressed her; she neither heard nor noticed their words, nor was it till after many ineffectual attempts to rouse her from her stupor, that the vacuity of her eyes being exchanged for a restless wildness, gave token of returning recollection.

The fatal event of the morning had been rapidly circulated, and in a few hours afterwards the pious inhabitants of the neighboring monastery were apprized of the calamity that had befallen the lord of their benefactress. The abbot, who was related to Tetha, instantly repaired to the castle, and remained there with several of his brethren in mournful vigils over the corpse of the murdered Penwald. Uncertain how to act, the terrified Bertha (Tetha's principal maid) sent to implore the attendance of the holy man, who imme-

diately obeyed the summons. He approached the couch and spoke to her in the tenderest tones of affection and sympathy; but she made no reply, though it was apparent that she knew him. He, therefore, urged his entreaties with still greater energy, and at last perceiving a convulsive motion round her lips, as if she was willing to answer him—if she were able, he resolved to make a forcible appeal to her feelings in the hope of restoring her to animation. He accordingly desired the infant to be given to him; its plaintive cry as he took it from the arms of its nurse pierced the heart of the good abbot, and pressing his lips to its forehead, the tears silently trickled down his venerable cheek. No part of this action was lost upon Tetha; it had struck upon a powerful chord in her imagination, and a faint tinge passed over her death-like countenance. He approached, and laid the infant, whose cries were now loud and vehement, in her arms. Nature prevailed, she caught it to her breast, and a violent shower of tears relieved the anguish of her overcharged heart.

He attempted not to stop the kindly effusion, till seeing her in some degree more composed, or more properly speaking exhausted by the strength of her emotions, he thus addressed her—"When, dearest lady, I urge you to self-exertion, and beseech you to restrain your feelings, I trust you will not consider that it arises from insensibility of heart, but from a conviction of what is due to yourself. The trial, I allow, is great, and the blow heavy, (Tetha looked at him with an expression of anguish which shook the good man's fortitude, and in a low and trembling voice, he, after a pause, continued), but it is the hand of the Most High that afflicts you; His decrees are inscrutable, and His ways past finding out; He, however, who is best known by his attribute of mercy, can never wilfully afflict his creatures, but has doubtless some wise and benevolent purpose to answer in this visitation, and with humble and contrite hearts, we must learn to bow to the dispensation."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed the wretched Tetha, "I murmur not, neither do I arraign the judgment of Him who cannot err; but my affliction is sore, and surely it is no crime to mourn! Surely the sighing of the bruised heart may arise without offence to Him who wounded it?" "Doubt-

less," replied the latter, "He that formed the frame will not visit all its weaknesses. The holy tear itself," continued he, meekly crossing himself, "bedewed the grave of friendship; and more is not required of us than our nature can perform; but we are not to indulge a sorrow which may unfit us for the performance of those duties which our situation imposes upon us, nor must we, by our impatience under one calamity, provoke Him whose creatures we are, to add to its severity, nor to encrease its number."

"Alas!" sighed Tetha, "my cup of misery is already full!"

"Daughter!" replied the Abbot, "hast thou not been preserved from death, and is not existence itself a blessing? Hast thou not the goods of life, and is not wealth, even as the means of benefit to others, a blessing? Art thou not a mother, and wilt thou not acknowledge that a blessing? Would not the deprivation of one of these mercies add a bitter drop in the cup which you now think can admit of no increase. Believe me, daughter, there is no state so wretched as not to allow of augmentation; there is no grief so severe as not to be capable of consolation; but man, alas! feels only the blow, and overlooks the paternal love that inflicted it. Look at your infant, and read in its defenceless state a solemn appeal to your exertion; the duties of both parents have now devolved on you, and will you prove your regard to the memory of Penwald so slight as to neglect his child, or so forgetful of its claims upon yourself, as to forfeit by the indulgence of selfish sorrow the character of a mother? Chuse then between the opposite course before you—abandon yourself to unavailing and sinful sorrow, and sink into the grave with the thought that you leave your infant exposed to the indifference of strangers and the impositions of the mercenary,—or struggle with the throb of nature, and rise superior to its pang, and reap in every succeeding year of comfort which the society of your babe will bring, the reward of virtuous self-denial and becoming resignation, and meet your Penwald in another world with the sweet consciousness of having performed your duty in this. Trust me, dearest daughter, no grief ever lights upon the sons of men that does not bear some healing in its wing. Sorrow may endure for a night, but he that weeps

to day, shall, if his heart be found in the right way, rejoice to-morrow. Now rest thee in peace, and may He that makes the widow and the orphan his peculiar care, protect thee with his shield, and when a few more years are past, as pass they will with eager haste, may the tear that now falls be for ever dried in those blest realms where neither sin nor sorrow can enter or annoy."

On the pious mind of the afflicted Tetha, these gentle remonstrances and holy consolation from lips she so highly reverenced, were not without their due effect; she returned his parting benediction with a faint smile, and fervently commending herself and babe to the protection of Heaven, she endeavored to bury in oblivion a sense of her woes. Sleep, however, was banished from her eyes; the dull weight of misery which had succeeded the first stormy paroxysm of anguish oppressed her heart with a feeling that equally deprived her of rest. She shed no tears, nor uttered any complaint; her thoughts were bent but upon one sad subject, yet they were undefined, or rested only on her loss; her mind had not recovered the shock that it had received, and thus, without the slightest movement, she remained for some time after the Abbot had left her. As the hour of midnight approached, the deep voices of the monks arose in solemn chaunt; the melancholy sound struck the awakened ear of Tetha—the attendants sunk on their knees, and their deep sighs bore evidence of the sincerity of their grief. "It is for my Penwald!" cried the agonized mourner, "that these sad strains ascend. And art thou then numbered with the dead? Have I gazed on thee for the last time? But at this hour last night my arms encircled thee! Thy voice breathed comfort to my sinking soul, and cheered me with the hope of future happiness! My babe, indeed, now lies in my bosom in safety, but thou wilt never know it. No fond embrace of thine shall consecrate my joy, no blessing from thy lips shall hallow the head of my child—my Guthlac's cradle is his father's grave!" These reflections once more drew forth her tears, and she wept with equal bitterness, but more calmness, till exhausted by her emotions and previous suffering, she fell into a profound slumber.

(To be continued.)

THE BOARDING HOUSE;

OR,

Outlines of Character.

BY DAVID DELINEATE, Esq.

(Continued from page 329, Vol. XIV.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the dreariness of the season usually complained of at this time of the year, and for which the present month has given more than usual cause, our highly favored town can boast of a more than usual influx of visitors, and "Perspective House" has received its share. Among its most amusing inmates, I shall, in my present paper, bring forward Mr. and Mrs. Muddle, a couple who have together borne Hymen's yoke for about eight years, and have during that time submitted to it as patiently as most married pairs, and though they may at times feel it wring when one wants to pull one way, and the other in a contrary direction, they contrive for the most part to make people believe that they jog on quietly together as much through inclination as necessity. For the first three days of their residence here, it was "Mrs. Muddle, my dear," and "Mr. Muddle, my love," and I imagined that to attempt any sketch of such common-place characters would be but insipid work; but after a time, and having examined them with the penetrative and observing eye of an artist, I discovered a few traits of originality which I conceived entitled them to a place in my collection of odd subjects. From some casual observation which dropped from Mr. Muddle, I gathered, that his lady is one of those unthinking inconsequent beings, who act without foresight, and are ever lamenting the unpleasant consequences resulting from their own imprudence, and after having done the most stupid thing, feel surprised at the event naturally resulting from it, and exclaim still more foolishly, "Well, who would have thought it!" Upon one occasion, Mrs. Muddle had a fine hind quarter of house-lamb sent her as a present, and being of an economical turn, (though, to do her justice, not in any degree selfish), she thought it would serve nicely for part of an entertainment which she purposed giving a few friends;

but unluckily, when it came upon table, it was pronounced by her husband to be uneatable. "Bless me! you don't say so, Mr. Muddle! who would have thought it?" was her exclamation. To which he significantly replied, "Any body, my dear, who thought at all, must know that lamb will not keep ten days in close weather, like this." "Ten days is it? Well, it is true, I declare; who would have thought it! How the time slips away! You know our friends could not come last Thursday, as I wished——" "And so you thought the lamb would be good till they did come, eh? that is just like you, Mrs. Muddle."

Upon another occasion, having some domestic recipe to prepare, Mrs. Muddle put a pipkin over the fire with some spirits of wine in it to warm, and then sat down to amuse herself with a novel till it was ready; the spirits of wine, however, boiled over, and the chimney caught fire. Mrs. Muddle, though greatly alarmed, took no blame to herself, but coolly cried out, "Bless me! who would have thought it?" She frequently gives her children knives to play with, and when they have cut themselves or one another, she cries, "Dear me, how provoking! who would have thought it?"

In fact, this lady is one of those who never *think* of any thing till *thinking* comes too late to repair the mischief, and this causes many an angry word to pass between her and her spouse, which a little foresight on her part would enable her to avoid; and when, by way of excuse, she shifts the blame from herself to the stupid servants, the thievesh cats, or the mischievous children, Mr. Muddle gets into a downright passion. If she is going to a party, she is never ready in time, because not putting things in their *proper places*, she cannot tell where to find what she is most particularly in want of; and frequently keeps the dinner waiting half an hour while she is repairing some article of dress which was neglected at its proper time. By not putting every thing to its *proper use*, her house is I find a scene of complete confusion, and nothing is to be found in a proper state for service when called for, and though her husband is in general an easy, good-natured man, his patience is frequently put to severe trials. Thus without any vices, but, on the contrary, possessing many amiable qualities, Mrs. Muddle makes herself and all about her uncomfortable,

and should any one venture upon the hardy task of persuading her that it is her own fault, she would, with a look of incredulous astonishment, exclaim, "Who would have thought it?" D. D.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF REIGATE CASTLE.

FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

Reigate, or, as it was formerly called, Holmsdale Castle, was forfeited by Lord Monson, during the civil wars. In the reign of William III. it was granted to Lord Somers, upon whose demise it devolved to a gentleman of the name of Cox, at that time one of the representatives of Reigate in Parliament. A Gothic gateway has been formed where the castle stood, through which you pass in your progress to the cave, a place now frequently visited by the curious. The entrance is by a door fixed in a kind of cone, or pyramid, with a ball on its summit. The beginning of its descent is by a flight of steps under an arch of brick and mortar; but these soon terminate, and you proceed in a passage wide enough for several people to pass abreast, and ten or twelve feet high, hewn out of the sandy stony soil for forty or fifty yards, when the *Barons' apartment* branches off to the right, the former passage, however, being continued, but which is soon after choked up with fragments of stone and mortar, the excavated part here having fallen in. There is a tradition that this passage formerly extended to the Castle of Bletchingly, a distance of five or six miles; but to which our readers will give as much credit as in their opinion the subject may deserve. The *Barons' apartment*, proceeding in a gradually winding direction, is about a hundred and thirty feet in length, by about fifteen feet in width, and twelve or fourteen high in the centre; dimensions sufficient for the assembling of from one to two hundred persons; and here it is asserted, that the confederate barons assembled to concert their measures previous to their compelling John to sign the Magna Charta. The beauty of the work has, however, been greatly defaced by the excavations which have lately been made in procuring sand for the supply of the adjacent town and neighborhood; it is nevertheless still worthy of inspection as a subterraneous passage of the greatest extent to be found, perhaps, in England.

THE

ADVENTURES OF A SOVEREIGN.

(Continued from page 22.)

"I was astonished, and a vague suspicion of something I was unwilling to avow darted through my mind. 'What do you mean?' said I. 'Oh! Captain Sedley,' cried she, 'could you be ignorant how dearly poor Maria loved you?' 'Indeed,' I replied with earnestness, 'I had no idea of such a thing, nor even any wish.' 'For what reason,' said she, 'did you take such pains to make her love you, if you never desired her regard?' 'I took none,' returned I, the more eagerly perhaps, as my conscience whispered to me that there was justice in what she said. 'Maria could never have interpreted either my words or actions into any intention of engaging her affections.' Mary shook her head. 'Oh! why then, sir,' said she, 'did you think it necessary to make yourself so agreeable, when you knew that you were already superior to any one she had seen? Why did you not remember, that though it was a light thing with you to talk with a girl like her, it was not so for her to listen to you? Maria never sought you, nor held out any lures to attract your notice; but you were always in search of her; and were your words at any time those of a person who was entirely indifferent to her?' 'My words had no meaning in them,' said I; 'and I take Heaven to witness, that my intentions were perfectly innocent; I never formed a dishonorable idea. Maria had no right to think otherwise.' 'Nor did she,' replied Mary; 'it might have been better if she had; but she believed you as much perfection as you appeared to be, and as such she loved you with her whole heart. You were never absent from her thoughts, though she mentioned your name to no one but me. Ah! you know not what she suffered—night after night did she lie awake to talk of you and weep: her spirits had been long gone, and her color soon followed; but the cause was known only to myself, for no enquiries could draw her secret from her. Oh! what a time it was for her, when

any news arrived from abroad! One battle followed another so quickly, that she had no sooner recovered from one alarm, than another succeeded; the very sight of a newspaper made her ready to sink, and yet many a one did I beg for her in the hope of finding something about you in it. But this was nothing to what she endured when the account of the last great victory came. Every one said, there had been a dreadful slaughter; but we could see no Gazette, and we dared not make any enquiry. In the evening, however, there was an illumination, and we had leave to walk out. I then proposed to go into one of the inns where we were not known, and ask to see a newspaper. After a great deal of persuasion, she consented; one was immediately given us; but when she took it in her hand, and saw the long list of killed and wounded, I thought she would have fainted. She could discern nothing at first, and I offered to read it through; but this did not agree with her impatience; she looked over my shoulder, and had nearly gone through it before I had mentioned a dozen names. 'He is wounded!' she cried, and seizing my arm, she hurried into the street; there she wept bitterly, nor could all I said respecting your being but slightly hurt, restore her for a long time to any degree of composure.'"

"Faith!" replied Mordaunt, "I begin not to envy your situation—you must have felt queerish." "I assure you," returned Sedley, "I was very painfully affected by the narrative, and bitterly did I reproach myself for having been the cause of so much misery to one who had deserved a better fate. I repeat to you the account she gave me in a connected form, but to me it was interrupted by many sobs and many innocent but severe reproaches on my conduct. As we walked along, she proceeded to tell me, that soon after this, a young tradesman of excellent character and good expectations, wished to pay his addresses to her, and that his views were warmly seconded by her parents. But both his persuasions and their entreaties and injunctions were of no avail. 'She had nothing, she often told me,' said Mary, 'to say against Meadows, but he was so unlike you—her very heart sickened at his attentions. She had no hopes of ever being your wife, nor had she ever the presumption to flatter herself with such happiness; but still she would rather die, if she were

permitted to love you in secret, than live the longest life, and be compelled to marry any man in existence. Vexed and disappointed at a refusal for which they could not account, her parents became much offended at her obstinacy, and poor Maria's home was no longer a place of comfort to her, while the thought of being disobedient, encreased her distress tenfold. To finish her misery, her father suddenly died, and it was then found, that his affairs were in such a bad state that nothing was left for his widow. Meadows now again came forward, and entreated Maria to accept him, generously promising, that if she consented to be his wife, her mother should have an asylum in his house, as long as she lived. Maria could refuse his offers when she alone was interested, but she could make no opposition when the comfort of her mother was concerned. To-morrow was to have been her wedding-day—but she had promised more than she could perform. She had long been in a declining way (though few people believed her so ill as she really was, for she carefully concealed her sufferings from every one), and the misery she endured at receiving Meadow's attentions, together with the thought of so soon becoming his wife, increased her disorder so rapidly, that her constitution sunk under it. A few moments before her death, she called me to her, and said, 'Oh, Mary! I hope I have not sinned, but my heart misgives me. I thought to die at any time for Sedley would have been happiness; but the remembrance of my poor mother's friendless state, which I might have prevented, makes me wish that I had endeavored, in the first instance to conquer a passion, which I now feel I had no right to entertain.' I comforted her as well as I could, but looking at her weeping parent, she grasped my hand, and with the words 'Sedley—my poor mother!' still hanging on her lips, she expired.'"

Sedley paused. "Such, Mordaunt, was the effect of harmless gallantry. Through unmanly vanity, or equally reprehensible want of consideration, I ruined the peace of an innocent girl, and sunk one to an untimely grave, who but for me might at this hour have been a happy wife, a useful member of society, and the comfort and support of an aged and afflicted parent. Never from that hour has her remembrance left me, and never do I see any young man

pursuing the same conduct that I once followed myself without the most lively sensations of regret. Nor can it excite your surprise—place but yourself in my situation, and you will soon comprehend the nature of my feeling, and be no longer astonished at the earnestness I have used with you this evening."

"I think we shall have a storm," said my master, after walking a few minutes in silence, "it is oppressively warm." Conversation again ceased. "But after all," added he, with some degree of his former gaiety, "women are sad fools." "I do not agree with you there," returned Sedley; woman's heart is formed for tenderness, and if she be more susceptible of love than our sex, she is entitled, on that account, more to our protection and respect than to our contempt. Her error lies not so much in loving, as in forgetting the maxims of prudence and discretion; and as her happiness is generally centered in the exercise of the social affections, and disappointed of this, she has fewer sources of relief than we, it behoves her to consider well how she suffers herself to be betrayed into a path which may end in the wreck of all her hopes; while at the same time the consideration of her danger ought to warn us from needlessly exposing her to a fate which humanity cannot but teach us to deplore. Promise me then," continued he, "to avoid my example, and never purchase a selfish gratification at the expense of another's bliss, or, like me, you will most surely find an hour will come when "even-handed justice will return the poisoned chalice to your lips." Mordaunt pressed his arm, in token, I suppose, of his assent, but I am unable to say whether he kept the good resolution which he certainly formed, as our acquaintance terminated that very evening.

TASSO.

Pope Clement VIII. having offered a reward for the best epitaph written in honor of Tasso, the judges were assembled to decide upon the merit of the candidates. Considerable hesitation ensued, when a young man presented the following simple inscription—"Here lies Torquato Tasso." Their choice was immediately made; no encomium could be so great as the name of Tasso itself.

WHICH GIFT WAS THE BEST?

AN EASTERN TALE.

A good old Persian, as he was about to close his irreproachable life, experienced during his last moments the utmost disquietude concerning the future fortunes of his two sons, whom he must be obliged to leave totally without support. The eldest was twenty years of age, and was named Osmin; the youngest, who was called Zambri, was only eighteen.

The last hour of the old man was come, and he thought less of his own sufferings than on the destiny of his sons, when his ear was agreeably struck with the accents of a sweet and most melodious voice which said to him, "Fear nothing, good old man! I will watch over your children: die in peace as thou hast lived. I have brought a gift for each of thy sons; may they make a proper use of them! One day, perhaps, they may meet and live happily together the remainder of their days." At these words a divine odour diffused itself though the humble cottage; a brilliant light discovered to the eyes of the astonished old man the features of a youth of celestial appearance, a beneficent genie, who, after having placed the presents on the couch of the dying man, vanished.

The Persian instantly called to him his sons; they lighted a lamp, and approached the bed of their father, who related to them the vision with which he had just been favored, and pointed out to them the presents which the genie had made them. One was a little box of very brilliant workmanship, the other a sheet of paper folded up and carefully sealed. "Come, Osmin," said the old man, "you are the eldest, make your choice."

Osmin, deluded by the splendor of the box, eagerly seized it, and poor Zambri was obliged to be contented with the humble sheet of paper. The father embraced them, blessed them, gently yielded up his breath, and sunk to rest in the arms of Peace and Hope.

After having sincerely mourned over the loss of so excellent a father, and paid him the last rites of sepulture, the two brothers began to examine the presents of the genie. Osmin opened the little box, and found it filled with pastilles of diverse forms and various colors. He was almost tempted to laugh at such a paltry gift, when he perceived the following words written within the lid of the box—"Every time that thou shalt eat one of these pastilles, thy imagination shall bring forth a poem, perfect in all its parts, sublime and full of grace in detail; and such as shall surpass the works of the very best poets of Persia."

Osmin was not without vanity: the possession of so rare a secret almost turned his brain; and visions of future fortune and glory danced before his eyes.

As the present made by the genie to Osmin was so valuable, Zambri felt little doubt but that his paper also contained some wonderful secret. He opened it, and read, with grief and surprise, "A new method of preparing sherbet." A few additional lines indicated the way of composing a liquor, one single drop of which, mixed in a bowl of Sherbet, would give it a flavor and perfume hitherto unknown, even to the most voluptuous Asiatic.

Osmin was in a transport of joy, and Zambri was dejected. Osmin wished not to quit him, but the order of the genie must be obeyed. The two brothers tenderly embraced each other, and parted weeping. The eldest repaired to Bagdad, where all the men of science, and all the poets of Asia were assembled together to embellish the court of the Caliph. As for poor Zambri, he went far from the dwelling of his late father, only taking with him his humble receipt "for making the best sherbet," and leaving to chance to conduct his steps.

Before he arrived at Bagdad, Osmin had already eaten half a dozen pastilles, and consequently he took with him half a dozen poems, which caused all of the most famous of the Oriental poets to hide their heads: but he soon learnt that it is not talent that leads to fortune. He felt the necessity of connecting himself with men of letters and men of the world; but he found only persons occupied with their pleasures, their affairs, or their own pretensions. Under what

title then must he present himself? Under that of a poet? The court and the town already swarmed with them. If he consulted his brethren, he consulted so many rivals; and to ask for their applause, was to ask a miser for his beloved treasure. People of taste were not fond of bestowing praise at first, for fear of compromising their reputation. Men of the world waited to hear the judgment of those renowned for good taste; and ignorant folks thought they gave a proof of their discernment by their contempt. Besides there were so many books that people of fashion scarce ever read at all. However, Osmin published his works, but they were scarcely perceived amongst the multiplicity of those of the same kind.

After having lived for four or five years at Bagdad, without having obtained any thing, but some feeble encouragement afforded him by those who were truly wise, poor Osmin began to lose all the brilliant hopes by which he had heretofore been dazzled. However, by eating some more of the pastilles, he obtained some notice. If it does take a long time for genius to emerge from obscurity, it is no sooner known, than it is indemnified for the injustice it has previously undergone. It is sought after, not on its own account, but through vanity; and envy sometimes seizes hold of it as an instrument requisite to its designs. In a short time nothing was spoken of but the writings of Osmin, they were eagerly compared with all those of the most famous poets, not to exalt Osmin, but to humble men whose renown alone had created them enemies. At length poor Osmin, after having pined in oblivion, saw himself suddenly placed on the pinnicle of fame, without having passed the gradations that lead from misery to fortune, and from obscurity to glory.

The caliph wished to behold so surprising a genius, and to have him at his court. Osmin was loaded with benefits. He sang the praises of the caliph, with a delicacy that the other poets had never been capable of, and the Caliph was the more delighted with this delicate praise, as it is a very rare article in courts.

So much merit and so much good-fortune, in particular, did not fail to excite jealousy amongst the other court poets. Those who had shewn themselves the most enthusiastic admirers of Osmin's talents were fearful of seeing themselves

eclipsed by this new constellation, and they resolved to destroy the idol that they had set up to a much greater height than they had intended.

One of the poets, a bitter enemy to Osmin, was ordered to compose a satire against the Caliph, and they agreed that this work should be disseminated under the name of the favorite. From that moment this avenger of the common cause never quitted poor Osmin, and ceased not to overwhelm him with caresses and praise.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE OLD MAID'S THERMOMETER*.

At 15. Anxious for coming out, and the attention of the men.

16. Begins to have some idea of the tender passion.

17. Talks of love in a cottage, and disinterested affection.

18. Fancies herself in love with some handsome man who has flattered her.

19. Is a little more difficult in consequence of being noticed.

20. Commences fashionable, and dashes.

21. Still more confidence in her attractions, and expects a brilliant establishment.

22. Refuses a good offer, because he is not a man of fashion.

23. Flirts with every man she meets with.

24. Wonders she is not married!!

25. Rather more circumspect in her conduct.

26. Begins to think a large fortune not quite so indispensable.

27. Prefers the conversation of rational men to flirting.

28. Wishes to be married in a quiet way with a comfortable income.

29. Almost despairs of entering the marriage state.

* This article appeared some months ago in a Gentleman's Magazine, but the subject being of peculiar interest to the ladies, to some of whom among our readers it may afford a useful *hint*, we trust we shall be excused in giving it a place in our Museum.

30. Rather afraid of being called "an old maid."
31. An additional love of dress.
32. Professes to dislike balls, finding it difficult to get a partner.
33. Wonders how men can leave the society of sensible women to flirt with chits!
34. Affects good humor in her conversation with men.
35. Jealous of the praises of other women.
36. Quarrels with her friend who is lately married.
37. Thinks herself slighted in society.
38. Likes talking of her acquaintance who are unhappily married; finds consolation from their misfortunes.
39. Ill nature increases.
40. Very meddling, and very officious.
41. If rich, as a dernier resort, makes love to some young man who is without fortune.
42. Not succeeding, rails against the male sex.
43. Partiality for cards increases and scandal commences.
44. Severe against the manners of the age.
45. Strong predilection for a methodist parson.
46. Enraged at his desertion.
47. Becomes desponding, and takes snuff.
48. Turns all her sensibility towards cats and dogs.
49. Adopts a dependant relation to attend upon her.
50. Becomes disgusted with the world, and vents all ill humor on this unfortunate relation.

VIVALDO AND THERESINE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Luchino Vivaldo, one of the nobles of Genoa, felt the most ardent passion for Theresine, the wife of a plebeian, who subsisted on the revenue a very moderate post afforded him. Vivaldo pleaded his love, but without success; his offers, as well as his presents, were constantly refused. Puffed up with his high rank, and proud of his noble birth, he threatened Theresine with all the weight of his vengeance.

His threats were of no avail; the virtue of this exalted female raised her above fear, while rage in his bosom took the place of love. But could it be called love in the heart of this imperious man? Do we torture those we really love because they are virtuous? Yet this pretended lover caused the husband of her whom he affected to adore, not only to lose his employment, but his liberty also. The virtuous pair were reduced to the most severe distress; children crying to them for bread, which they had not to give them. Theresine, in despair, yet secure in her own virtue, thought on a project, as the last resource to save her almost-expiring family. She presented herself and her children, clothed with rags, at the palace of her persecutor; she fell at his feet, and said to him, "We are overwhelmed with misery; we are dying with hunger, and our misfortunes are the work of your hands. Punish the mother, if you wish, for her resistance to your will; but how has my husband or my children offended you?" At the same time, these miserable little beings prostrated themselves on the ground beside their mother, who, with eyes suffused in tears, lifted one hand towards heaven, and with the other pressed her children to her bosom. Vivaldo, struck with this affecting scene, felt all the stings of remorse; he forgot his unruly passion, and only regarded Theresine as an angelic being. He raised her up, desired her to be comforted, and promised to make amends for his crime, as he said to her, "Wait a minute." He then rushed into the apartment of his wife, and rising above himself, and superior to shame, he confessed to her his criminal attachment, his barbarity, the sorrows of a respectable family, and begged of her to take under her protection an innocent woman, the victim of his headstrong passion. This confession, and the rare virtue of Theresine moved the feeling heart of this illustrious lady in her favor; She hastened to seek her rival, and honored her with her bounty and tenderest care. The husband was instantly liberated; and Vivaldo, in order to raise the honor and reputation of this worthy family, made a public confession of his fault.

S****.

MARIAN MELFORT;

A TALE FOR SPINSTERS.

(Continued from page 33.)

To describe my feelings on perusal of this letter, is beyond my ability. Indignation at the duplicity of Beverly, was, for a few moments predominant, yet when I recalled the whole of his past conduct in which there was certainly little to condemn, I felt all my affection and confidence revive. That he loved me, I had no reason to doubt; he had struggled with me cheerfully through hardships, which but for his union with me he might never have experienced: he had been uniformly a kind husband, and an indulgent father; he was now stretched on a bed of sickness to which he had been brought by his unceasing exertions for me and my little ones, and were I to desert him in such a situation, I should be acting the baser part by far. I believed him too honorable, ever to take advantage of the power which my want of caution had given him, and I felt satisfied that I should never be so happy, even in affluence without him, as in poverty with him, while he continued to merit my regard by kindness and attention. Yet the welfare of my children was an important consideration, and I scarcely knew whether I ought not upon that account to make the sacrifice required, to secure their future comfort and respectability in life. While I was deliberating upon this trying subject, Beverly awoke; he called me to him, and perceiving I had been weeping, entreated me not to give way to melancholy anticipation, but to keep up my spirits. "I shall soon be well, Marian," said he, making an effort to resume his wonted gaiety, "I never knew the full value of a wife before; the tender assiduities of those we love are so grateful to the feelings, that one can scarcely murmur at the occasion which draws them forth. A bachelor may do very well in health, but he must be a most miserable dog in sickness." "Do you know," said I, looking earnestly at him, "that I have had a most tempting offer within the last half hour, and was half inclined to run away from you."

"What, have you had another Mr. L——?" he enquired, smiling incredulously. "No; there is a more formidable rival in your way now, I can assure you," said I, putting my father's letter into his hand; "I can venture to give you this as you seem much better." Beverly sat up in the bed, and hastily ran his eyes over it, while I anxiously watched his changing countenance, but remained silent.

"Meddling old fool!" he exclaimed, tearing the letter to pieces, with eager and trembling hands, "of what does he suspect me?" "I do not know that he suspects you," said I, "but the charge is a serious one, and if true——" "I know what you would advance," he interrupted, hastily; "but of that you need be under no apprehension. I did, indeed, unthinkingly suffer you to unite yourself to me, without revealing my real name and circumstances; but in my eyes the contract is as binding as it is in the sight of heaven, and, without it is your wish, it shall never be dissolved. When I have sufficient strength, I will enter on further particulars; but I must first know your determination, Marian." "You may easily guess that," said I, grasping his hand affectionately: "I own the discovery gave me pain; but I trust that the deception you practised was not with any intention to do me injury." "You do me justice, Marian," he replied; "and if it is your wish, the marriage ceremony shall be repeated as soon as I recover my health; but be assured, no tie can bind you more closely to my heart than your present candour and generous confidence."

Finding him rather exhausted by such a long conversation, I entreated him to compose himself while I answered my father's letter, which I did in the most respectful terms, and entreated him not to extend his resentment to my hapless offspring, and assured him, that if he would have the generosity to protect them, I would voluntarily forego my own gratification, and submit them to his disposal. Yet even while I wrote thus, I felt all a mother's pangs, and dreaded lest the proposal which I made, only with a view to their advantage, should be acceded to. I was, however, spared the trial; my letter was never answered, nor did my father, even on his death-bed, breathe one word of forgiveness.

The illness of Melfort, for so I shall now call him, was protracted beyond my expectation, and the fatigue I endured

in attendance upon him, in addition to my professional duties, impaired a constitution naturally delicate. Constant exposure to the night air and inclemency of the weather, deprived of that rest, which would, in a great measure, have recruited my wasting strength, I was soon attacked with symptons of pulmonary consumption; and Melfort was scarcely restored to a state of convalescene before I was confined to my bed in an almost hopeless state. Under these circumstances, our situation was truly deplorable. To the kindness of my good landlady I was indebted for many comforts which it was totally out of my husband's power to procure for me, and to her unceasing care, I may attribute the partial recovery which has enabled me to bear up a little longer against my impending fate; but I feel that the period is not far distant when I shall be released from all worldly anxieties, and it is this conviction alone which induces me to obtrude my melancholy tale upon your notice. For myself I have nothing to ask; for my children I breathe many an anxious sigh; what their fate may be when I am no more I know not—I tremble to think of it. Should Melfort—but my thoughts must not wander that way. Bitter, indeed, is the reflection that my early imprudence has not only brought severe sufferings on myself, but has entailed want and misery on my poor unoffending babes. Ah! let the young and thoughtless pause ere they rush into engagements at the impulse of fancy, and for the gratification of an attachment in many instances too fragile to withstand the rough hand of adversity, involve themselves, and those connected with them, in immediate calamity.

(To be continued.)

THOMSON.

It is recorded of Thomson that he was so excessively idle, that he has been seen standing at a peach-tree, with both hands in his pockets, eating the fruit as it grew. Being once discovered in bed at a very late hour in the day, he was asked, why he did not rise, he simply replied, "Troth, mon, I hae nae motive."

PORTRAITURES OF MODERN POETS.

No. II.

LORD BYRON.

His lordship's first effusions were, "Hours of Idleness," a collection of those harmless trifles, that seldom meet the eyes of any but the select few of the author's friends. Every year gives us "The Poetic Garland," "Trifles in Verse," &c. &c. and other attacks upon Reason under the guardianship of Rhyme. Now as no one takes the trouble of reading the delectable articles but "kinsfolk," the authors have little to fear on the score of criticism. Not so Lord Byron; his little work (certainly above the mediocrity of the generality of these attempts) was attacked with all the asperity of the Northern Critics.

Mr. Jeffrey, however, no sooner took up the cudgels, than his lordship drew his small sword, and "English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers," revenged his lordship, and amply compensated him by placing a laurel on his brow, which his "puerile poems" never could have gained him. This criticism was, on the whole, illiberal and uncalled for; for his "Hours," &c. was a production, which did not aspire to the dignity of such notice. Swift says, "A true critic in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests *fling away*, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are fewest bones." In this view of the subject, their severity is rather an honor than a disgrace to the noble bard.

No poet (of the present day at least) has written so much in so short a space of time as his lordship. "Childe Harold," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "Corsair," "Lara," "Siege of Corinth," "Prisoner of Chillon," "Parisina," "Manfred," "Beppo," "Mazeppa," "Lament of Tasso," "Don Juan," "Marino Faliero," &c. &c. have alternately been produced, and yet he still seems to have an inexhaustable fund of brilliant ideas and glowing descriptions.

The chief fault of Lord Byron's productions is, that they

have a direct tendency to demoralize mankind, by placing the disciples of vice in situations which command our pity and admiration, and by blending some ameliorating quality with the worst principles. Thus in his Corsair—

" Fear'd, shunn'd, belied, ere youth had lost its force,
He hated man too much to feel remorse,
And thought the *voice of wrath a sacred call*
To pay the injuries of one on all.
He knew himself a villain—but he deem'd
The rest no better than the thing he seem'd;
And scorn'd the best as hypocrites who hid
Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.
He knew himself detested, but he knew
The hearts that loath'd him crouch'd and dreaded too.
Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike exempt
From all affection, and from all contempt;
His name could sadden, and his acts surprise,
But they who fear'd him, dar'd not to despise:
Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake
The slumbering venom of the folded snake."

Here is a character utterly alien to virtue, yet the very loftiness of his daring guilt forbids us to hate*, and renders it impossible to despise, him. Conrad has, moreover, a powerful charm—he loves with warm and undivided devotion; and that passion, like the sun, is not only beautiful and brilliant in itself, but beautifies and illuminates every object on which it sheds its influence.

" Yes, it was love—unchangeable—unchang'd,
Felt but for one from whom he never rang'd;
Though fairest captives daily met his eye,
He shunn'd nor sought, but coldly pass'd them by;
Though many a beauty droop'd in prison bow'r,
None ever sooth'd his most unguarded hour.
Yes—it was love—if thoughts of tenderness
Tried in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,
Unmov'd by absence, firm in ev'ry clime,
And yet—oh! more than all!—*untir'd by time!*
Which not defeated hope, or baffled wile,
Could render sullen, were she near to smile;

* We must beg leave to utter our caveat against this sentiment.

Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent
On her one murmur of his discontent;
Which still could meet with joy, with calmness part,
Lest that *his* look of grief should reach her heart.

These extracts are somewhat longer than I either wished or intended; but they so completely illustrate my remark, that I could not forbear giving them.

We see Hugo die, and though the seducer of his father's wife, 'tis with pity and regret. "This is not as it should be." Painters find it easier to paint an ugly, than a handsome face, and so may his lordship find it less trouble to exhibit the bad than the virtuous part of human nature. But why does not that transcendant genius, which all admit and admire, seek to brave the hardest test to which it can be put? Might not all the description contained in Childe Harold have been as well connected with the tour of an amiable personage as that of the gloomy and repulsive misanthrope his lordship has described? He has not even the lighter shades of character which diversify and beautify the other delineations of the noble author. Oh! my lord, to use your own language—

"Nor florid prose, nor honied lies in rhyme,
Can veil our evil deeds, or consecrate a crime."

It is a bad compliment to the first poet of the age, that he feeds the vulgar mind "which delights in mystery." It is like an actor who debases himself by playing to the gallery. Such is "the wild and wondrous song" of Lara, who is a most mysterious personage, coming why and from whence no one knows. He is seared in his own castle by something, best, or indeed only, known to himself—he becomes melancholy—to chase which he goes to a ball, where he is as merry among the belles as the best—when a Sir Ezzeline discovers that he has seen Lara elsewhere, to the great annoyance of Lara, who challenges him, and retires in dudgeon, Sir Ezzeline determining "to fight the white-livered giant in the morning." Morning arrives; not so Sir E.; one Otho swallows more of Lara's steel than agrees with him; in consequence of which battles ensue, and the mysterious hero expires. Yet all this while I forgot to say, he has a certain slender page, who is no more a man than

the Ann Page, loved by Slender, and who dies likewise; and that a peasant has seen something float in a neighbouring stream which was presumed to be the deceased Ezzeline. Now in the name of common sense what is there in all this, but what may be read in every mottled-covered romance from the days of Noah, to those of Mrs. Ratcliffe.

But there is something still worse in his lordship's productions—the pervading misanthropy and bitter sarcasm against mankind that they contain. In an epitaph on a favorite dog, he eulogizes him as a departed *friend*, and exclaims—

"I never had but one, and here he lies."

On reading this, one is led to exclaim, in his own words—

"How well the subject suits his *noble mind*,
A *fellow-feeling* makes us wondrous kind."

If there ever was an outrage upon the dictums of society, it was the publication of the poems actuated by his "family misfortunes." Private bickerings, or quarrels, (let his lordship name them as he pleases) are unfit subjects for public animadversions. If his lady's governess's cheek *was* made of parchment (a most durable commodity, by the bye, for a lady's skin), were his lordship's admirers necessarily to be made acquainted with it in an octavo pamphlet. Oh! fie, my lord, are your domestic brawls to be made the means of aiding your pecuniary wants? His lordship's marriage, and subsequent voluntary exile (for all the world knows it was voluntary) were the suggestions of his own heart. Lady B.'s tears might have been dried, and her complainings hushed, had his lordship condescended to make the experiment, but he preferred roaming—

and wandering to the cave of death
Searching its cause in its effect, to draw
From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd up dust,
Conclusions most forbidden."

And if he has so little gallantry and good sense to prefer caves of death to halls of health and beams of beauty, let him enjoy his singularity of taste; but let him cease to abuse his less refined fellow-creatures because their ideas do not assimilate with his.

His lordship has made one attempt at a regular tragedy, and failed completely. There are many poetical beauties in Marino Faliero; for instance—

"Joy's recollections are no longer joy;
But sorrow's memory is sorrow still."

But of force of character, or situation, it is wholly destitute.

An author who writes for fame must not strike against the sacred barriers of religion or morality; yet how many restrain themselves from putting his works into their library, lest the younger branches of their family should become allured by its beauties, and at the same moment injured by his immoralities.

It is painful to go on thus from bad to worse; but what are we to say of "Don Juan?" Of its impropriety his lordship must be well aware by never acknowledging it; nay, Mr. Murray refused to adorn the pages with his name, and poor Mr. Davison was obliged to become printer and publisher; as if what would disgrace Albemarle-street must not be equally obnoxious at Blackfriars. The description of the exploits of a libertine are a bad field for the display of extraordinary power, and that page should be for ever blotted from view, that cannot be perused by the female eye without diffusing a blush on the cheek.

That his lordship's genius is most brilliant is cheerfully admitted; that that genius is perverted, I lamentingly feel. That the hand that could so well paint the flowers of our existence should alone delight in pourtraying the noxious weeds—trample upon the sweets of life, and present us alone with the bitters, must excite our regret;—to say this is his nature is to wrong his heart; to say it is his humour is to wrong his head. That he is not the "Childe," he represents his actions prove; he is charitable and humane; why then does he persist in making his pen belie him? Stung, perhaps, by a repulsion which his soul could not brook, misanthropy may cast a cloud on his solitary moments, and a pen which can so powerfully describe all the emotions of the soul is used to develope the dark imaginings of damning satire, levelling, at "one fell swoop," all mankind to the rank of demons or madmen.

Lord Byron's works abound with beauties. The curidite will admire him for his learning—the lover of nature for his simplicity—the young and ardent will glow over his descriptions, melt with his tale of melancholy, or smile at his witty sallies; but will the hand of age transmit his pages to youth as a treasure to enrich the mind and mend the heart, or will after ages applaud the man, though they immortalize the poet?" R.

Dec. 1*st.* 1821.

To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MR. EDITOR,

LOOKING into Camden's Britannia the other day, just after reading "Ivanhoe," I fell accidentally upon a passage which I transcribe for your Magazine, thinking it may prove agreeable to some of your readers to know the full sense of a phrase used in that popular and splendid romance.

I am, sir, your obliged admirer, * *

EXTRACT FROM CAMDEN.

"Of the effectual power of words, great disputes have been of great wits in all ages, &c.——But there was one true English word of as great, if not greater, force than them all, now out of all use, and will be thought for sound barbarous: but therefore of more efficacy: (as it pleaseth Porphyry) and in signification it signifieth as it seemeth no more than abject, base-minded, false-hearted, coward, or nidget. Yet it hath levied armies, and subdued rebellious enemies; and that I may hold you no longer, it is *niding*:—for when there was a dangerous rebellion against King William Rufus, and Rochester Castle, the most important and strongest fort of this realm, was stoutly kept against him, after that he had but proclaimed that his subjects should repair thither to his court, upon no other penalty, but that whosever refused to come, should be reputed a *niding*: they swarmed to him immediately in such numbers, that he had in a few days, an infinite army; and the rebels therewith were so terrified, that they forthwith yielded."

Thus far old Camden: I know not upon what authority the author of "Ivanhoe" changes *niding* into *nihdring*.

POETRY,

HOW AFFECTED BY GENIUS AND ART.

(Continued from page 37.)

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J' avoue que les mauvais vers sont à peu près dans ce cas; ils ne diffèrent de la mauvaise prose que par la rime: et la rime seule ne fait ni le merite du poëte, ni le plaisir du lecteur. VOLTAIRE.

It was my intention, on resuming this subject, to have entered into a discussion on what is generally termed the poetry of the middle ages, comprising the Troubadours, &c. but I find this would take up more space, and require more investigation than the present question will allow. This will probably form matter for a future Essay on Romance, with which these works are so highly tinted; suffice it then to observe, that the poetry of the middle ages is much regarded in literature on account of its antiquity, and the bold ideas which characterise its rude and chivalric lines.

Having thus premised, we are launched at once on a boundless ocean; above us a wide expanse of ether, beaming with the works of the divine Milton, Tasso, Dante, Voltaire, and others, whose productions shine as refulgent planets to guide our course. Entering upon this branch of our subject, a singular difficulty occurs, which is, the vast number of works* intrinsically great which we should review in order to obtain a just and aggregate idea of their respective merits. This is impossible to compass in the limits of a few pages, consequently we must as heretofore select the most remarkable either for originality of genius or purity of diction. We must cull from this bed of aromatic flowers those whose lofty growth or singular beauty prove them to be of a superior order, at the same time not neglecting the modest and lowly author, whose genius might perish like the violet, in oblivion, to a casual observer.

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* Of the British poets alone, collected by Mr. Sharpe, there are one hundred and one volumes, and of the French, I should think nearly an equal number.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air. GRAY.

The progressive step of poetry from Rome naturally was to Italy, or rather it remained stationary as to situation; but received an alteration with regard to language: and whilst the works of Dante, Tasso, and the sweet Sonnets of Petrarch remain, we must acknowledge, that if poetry has diminished from the grandeur and magnificence of Rome it has certainly gained in sweetness of diction and purity of idea. As we have hitherto analysed the poetical leading feature of each nation, and fixed upon some known author as a north star by which to direct our fragile bark, we cannot, I conceive, do better than review, in a cursory way, the "Jerusalem delivered" of Tasso. Throughout this work, we perceive all that force of idea and fire of imagination which are so necessary to poems of this class. The characters are admirably supported and well diversified; we have all that is noble and generous in battle; still the scene is beautifully, and almost imperceptibly, changed and contrasted with the tender love expressions of Tancred. Upon the whole, although this poem is, perhaps, tainted too much with the superstition of the age in which it was written, and the witchery of Armida over Rinaldo, (who is strictly the hero of the poem) is carried to an extravagant length, yet it possesses beauties of the most prominent description, which cannot fail to ensure the most enthusiastic admiration.

Great allowance should be made for the circumstances under which this poem was produced: the chivalric notions which prevailed, and romantic ideas of knight-errantry, rendered it necessary for the author to pursue this course, in order to please the public opinion. In exchange for the pagan and ridiculous machinery of Homer and Virgil, we have received the certainly more pleasing romance of the middle ages.

Thus the poetry of *Italy* may be regarded in the same light as that of *Rome*, with this distinction, that the civilization of the world at large has affected this art as well as all others, and that what we lose from the bold and unrestrained pæans of Virgil, we gain in the liquid and sweetly-flowing measures of Dante: the one is as an impetuous torrent, raging

and uncontrolled; the other as a gentle and mild meandering rivulet, which fertilizes as it flows.

The early French poets exhibit a style similar to our Spencer and Hudibrass, and the latter is particularly observable in the "*Vigilles de Charles, par Martial dit d'Auvergne.*" The diction of the French language has naturally, in the course of time, assumed so different a shape, as to render the works of Allain Chartier, Clement Marot, and many others, almost uninteresting to an English reader, or indeed to any except to those who pay a particular and nice regard to the productions of antiquity, when literature was in an infantine state. It was not until the brilliant reign of Louis XIV. that poetry assumed a determined appearance in France, and this reign was truly the Augustan age. When we review the united works of Voltaire, Corneille, Racine, Boileau, Despréaux, and others, we are obliged to confess, that in defiance to the natural obstacles of language, (and certainly the French language possesses unusual difficulties) these authors have left to the world a rich legacy, whether it be considered in point of poetical rhyme, or high philosophic sentiment. In the works of Despréaux and Racine, we discover something singularly great and striking. I will give the opinion of M. Voltaire on this subject—"Il semble que la poésie dût manquer communément, dans de pareils sujets, ou de précision ou d'harmonie; mais, depuis que Virgile et Horace, ont réuni ces deux grands mérites, qui paraissent si incompatibles, depuis que M. M. Despréaux et Racine ont écrit comme Virgile et Horace; un homme qui les a lus, et qui sait qu'ils sont traduits dans presque toutes les langues de l'Europe, peut-il avilir á ce point un talent qui lui a fait tant d'honneur á lui même? Je placerai nos Despréaux et nos Racine à côté de Virgile pour le mérite de la versification; parce que si l'auteur de l'Ænéide était né à Paris, il aurait rimé comme eux; et si ces deux Français avaient récu du temps d'Auguste, ils auraient fait le même usage que Virgile de la mesure des vers latins."

As I have before observed, the French labor under the difficulty of rhyme; they work as it were fettered and clogged, yet so necessary are the chains, that divest any approved French poem of the regular metre and rhyme, and you have a discordant something wanting the dignified flow of prose,

or the regular metre of verse*. In fact, a person who reads French poetry expects rhyme; he looks as naturally for it as he would for hexameters in the Ænead of Virgil. This is a general feeling, and M. Voltaire expresses it thus—"De plus tant de grands maîtres qui ont fait des vers rimés tels que les Corneille, les Racine, les Despréaux, ont tellement accoutumé nos oreilles à cette harmonie, que nous n'en pourrions pas supporter d'autres."

Strange as it may appear, we English can scarcely reconcile the continual music of French poetry. M. Voltaire has expressed this idea so naturally again, that I cannot refrain from giving it in his own words. "Un poëte Anglais," says he, "est un homme libre qui asservit sa langue à son génie; le Français est un esclave de la rime, obligé de faire quelque-fois quatre vers pour exprimer une pensée qu'un Anglais peut rendre en une seule ligne. L'Anglais dit tout ce qu'il veut, le Français ne dit que ce qu'il peut; l'un court dans une carrière vaste, et l'autre marche avec des entraves dans un chemin glissant et étroit."

Having arrived at a determinate point, a resting place in the vast ocean of thought, we perceive that Italian poetry possesses the beauties of its ancestors the Romans, and does not admit of rhyme. Of the Portuguese and Spanish the same remark may be made†; although so little remains as scarcely to admit of a critique, if we except Lopez de Vega, and some others. However, it is probable rhyme dates its origin either from the French or Germans; more likely from the former, as it is more prevalent than in the writings of the latter. It remains to discuss in the course of next month the poetry of the *Germans* and *English*, a field rich, indeed, with materials for contemplation, and presenting, perhaps, a wider scope than the united productions of all other nations.

(To be continued.)

* The following well-known lines exemplify this idea—

Où me cacher? fuyons dans la nuit infernale,
Mais que dis-je mon père y tient l'urne fatale;
Le sort, dit-on, l'a mise en ses sévères mains;
Minos juge aux enfers tous les pâles humains.

Transpose the last word, preserving the sense, placing at the end of the second line *funeste* for *fatale*, and at the end of the fourth, *mortels* for *humains*, and the vacuum is obvious to the ear of a perfect Tyro in French literature.

† I do not inten d to convey by this expression that *rhyme* does no

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

BOSSUET'S SURVEY OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY; by MRS. JENKINS. pp. 244. Hailes, London.

WE have long deplored that change both in domestic and scholastic education, which has substituted a smattering in all "the arts and sciences," for a sound knowledge of what we deem the essentials of education. That chemistry and botany, electricity and galvanism, pneumatics and hydrostatics, with their various *et cætera*, may be very amusing, interesting, and, in a few instances, useful, we do not deny; but even to this extent, we concede only in the supposition that the knowledge obtained be correct, and not, as is generally the case, superficial and inaccurate. That our children should understand the sexual system of plants, the properties of minerals, the nature of acids and alkalis, the combinations of metallic substances, the powers of compound bodies, the nature of galvanic batteries, the elasticity of fluids, &c. &c. no man will assert to be necessary either to their happiness or their respectability in life. A knowledge of the sciences may adorn, but it does not constitute an absolutely necessary ingredient in the composition of an otherwise well-educated man; and hence we feel an undue importance is attached to the specious and deceptive proposals of the numerous literary quacks to whom the education of our children is entrusted. Many a man of sound learning, good principles, and real merit, pines in obscurity and comparative indigence; whilst the pompous prospectus of ignorance and folly attracts the attention of parents; who allured by its fallacious and ostentatious promises, too credulously confide their offspring to be nurtured in ignorance, folly, and vanity; and hence it comes to pass, that the hopes of parents are so frequently defeated by their own imprudence. It is literature, properly so called, which invigorates the mind, strengthens its powers, directs the judgment, gives ease and refinement to the manner, and imparts a lustre and

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actually exist in these languages, but that they are not *subservient* to it, or consider it *indispensable*, as in France.

a grace to the whole character of man; and this is what but few of our modern inventors of new plans and modes of education are qualified to impart. Of the various studies which we include under the term literature, none is more important in the lessons which it teaches, or the interest which it excites, than history. In the records of past ages, we may read the destiny of our own; whilst the various occurrences by which they are distinguished, traced up to their sources, exhibit to us the general results of those minute causes which too often escape the observation of merely superficial observers. Nor must it be supposed, that politicians alone ought to be the students of history; to them it is no doubt absolutely essential; but to the private gentleman, it affords matter of interesting study, whilst to the merchant it stands connected with his mercantile concerns. To every class of readers, however, it brings matters of useful reflection when they perceive the gradual changes wrought upon the circumstances and character of nations by the almost imperceptible influence of political regulations. The doctrine of expediency, as opposed to the maxims of inflexible juctice was never so effectually confuted as in the history of those states, which relinquishing the steady path of honor and rectitude, followed what *appeared* their interest. But it is time we notice the very interesting work which has led us to this train of reasoning. It would be superfluous, and, indeed, presumptuous, in us to eulogize the writings of Bossuet. His profound learning, deep penetration, and persuasive eloquence, are too well known in the annals of literature to require our feeble commendation. Many of the writings of Bossuet were polemical; his defence of Popery contains every thing that an expert disputant and a devoted bigot could urge in its vindication, yet we feel assured, that nought but blind superstition could have dictated such a defence, the fallacy of which is apparent from the labored subtlety and refinement with which it is conducted. His Survey of Universal History, designed originally for the instruction of the Dauphin of France, is, however a work of such unquestionable merit, places the principal events in the history of the world in so just and accurate a light, points out with such judicious impartiality the respective excellencies and defects of the various empires of the world,

investigates with so much discrimination the causes which produced their grandeur, and also their decline, that we really know of no work more worthy of the young historian's attention. Mrs. Jenkins, therefore, has rendered us greatly her debtors for the interesting selections which this neat volume contains; they appear to us to be made with great propriety, and we therefore feel justified in expressing our sincere desire that they might find a place in every domestic library.

THE PIRATE. By the Author of "WAVERLY," &c. 3 vols. Constable and Co. Edinburgh; Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London.

"THE purpose of the following narrative," says the author, in his Advertisement, "is to give a detailed and accurate account of certain remarkable incidents which took place in the Orkney Islands, concerning which, the more imperfect traditions and mutilated records of the country only tell us the following erroneous particulars:—

"In the month of January, 1724-5, a vessel called the Revenge, bearing twenty large guns, and six smaller, commanded by John Gow, or Goffe, or Smith, came to the Orkney Islands, and was discovered to be a pirate, by various acts of insolence and villany committed by the crew. These were for some time submitted to, the inhabitants of these remote islands not possessing arms, nor means of resistance; and so bold was the captain of these banditti, that he not only came ashore, and gave dancing parties in the village of Stromness, but before his real character was discovered, engaged the affections and received the troth-plight of a young lady possessed of some property. A patriotic individual, James Fea, younger, of Clestron, formed the plan of securing the buccaneer, which he effected by a mixture of courage and address, in consequence chiefly of Gow's vessel having gone on shore near the harbour of Calfsound, on the island of Eda, not far distant from a house then inhabited by Mr. Fea. In the various stratagems by which Mr. Fea contrived finally, at the peril of his life, they being well armed and desperate, to make the whole pirates his prisoners, he was much aided by Mr. James Laing, the grandfather of the late Malcolm Laing, Esq. the acute and ingenious historian of Scotland, during the 17th century.

"Gow, and others of his crew, suffered by sentence of the High Court of Admiralty, the punishment their crimes had deserved. He conducted himself with great audacity before the Court; and from an account of the matter by an eye-witness, seems to have been subjected to some unusual severities in order to compel him to plead. The words are these:—'John Gow would not plead, for which he was brought to the bar, and the judge ordered that his thumbs should be squeezed by two men, with a whipcord, till it did break; and then it should be doubled till it did again break, and then laid threefold, and that the executors should pull with their whole strength; which sentence Gow endured with a great deal of boldness.' The next morning (27th May, 1725), when he had seen the preparations for pressing him to death, his courage gave way, and he told the Marshal of the Court, that he would not have given so much trouble had he been assured of not being hanged in chains. He was then tried, condemned, and executed, with others of his crew."

As a specimen of the work, we select the following passages, the first from the subject of an interview between Magnus Troil, the Udaller of Zetland, and Mr. Mertoun, who "had come to Lerwick, then rising into some importance, but not yet acknowledged as the principal town of the island, in a Dutch vessel, accompanied only by his son, a handsome boy of about fourteen years old. His own age might exceed forty. The Dutch skipper introduced him to some of the very good friends with whom he used to barter gin and gingerbread for little Zetland bullocks, smoked geese, and stockings of lambs-wool; and although Meinheer could only say, that 'Meinheer Mertoun hab bay his bassage like one gentlemans, and hab given a Kreitz-dollar beside to the crew," this introduction served to establish the Dutchman's passenger in a respectable circle of acquaintances, which gradually enlarged, as it appeared that the stranger was a man of considerable acquirements." Mr. Mertoun, whose "habits were retired and gloomy," and who appeared to be a victim of hopeless dejection, applies to Magnus Troil, for "permission to occupy, as his tenant, the deserted mansion of Jarlshof, at the extremity of the territory called Dunrossness, and situate just beneath Sumburgh-Head; a situation not only of dreary, but tremendous so-

litude, and a striking description of which is given in the commencement of the work.

The request naturally excited the surprise of Magnus Troil, at whose house the stranger had received the most "cordial hospitality;" and "in each house that he visited, had indeed found a home as long as he chose to accept it, and lived as one of the family. No one asked him whence he come, where he was going, what was his purpose in visiting so remote a corner of the country;" for though "the islanders had their full share of natural curiosity, yet their delicacy deemed it would be an infringement upon the laws of hospitality, to ask questions which their guest might have found it difficult or unpleasing to answer; and instead of endeavoring, as is usual in other countries, to wring out of Mr. Mertoun such communications as he might find it agreeable to withhold, the considerate Zetlanders contented themselves with gathering such information as could be collected from conversation."

The kind-hearted Troil, therefore, generously and disinterestedly remonstrated with Mr. Mertoun on the miserable change he must suffer in the solitude and inconveniences to which he was about to subject himself. "There were scarce," he said, "even the most necessary articles of furniture in the old house—there was no society within many miles—for provisions, the principal article of food would be sour sillocks, and his only company, gulls and gannets."

"My good friend," replied Mertoun, "if you could have named a circumstance which would render the residence more eligible to me than any other, it is that there would be neither human luxury nor human society near the place of my retreat; a shelter from the weather for my own head and for the boy's, is all I seek for: so name your rent, Mr. Troil, and let me be your tenant in Jarlshof."

"Rent!" answered the Zetlander; "why, no great rent for an old house which no one has lived in since my mother's time, God rest her! and as for shelter, the old walls are thick enough, and will bear many a bang yet. But Heaven love you, Mr. Mertoun! think what you are proposing. For one of us to live at Jarlshof, were a wild scheme enough; but you, who are from another country, whether English, Scotch, or Irish, no one can tell——"

"Nor does it greatly matter," said Mertoun, somewhat abruptly."

"Not a herring's scale," answered the laird; "only I like you the better for being no Scot, as I trust your are not one. Hither they come like the clack-geese—every chamberlain has brought over a flock of his own name, and his own hatching, for what I know, and here they roost for ever—catch them returning to their own barren Highlands or Lowlands, when they have tasted our Zetland beef, and seen our bonny *voes* and lochs. No, sir," (here Magnus proceeded with great animation) "No, sir, the ancient days, and the genuine manners of these islands, are no more; for our ancient possessors—our Patersons, our Feas, our Schlagbrenners, our Yhiorbiorns, have given place to Giffords, Scotts, Mouats, men whose names speak them or their ancestors, strangers to the soil which we the Troils have inhabited long before the days of Turf Einar, who first taught these isles the mystery of burning peat for fuel, and who has been handed down to a grateful posterity by a name which records the discovery."

The following extract presents some account of Triptolemus Yellowley, who bears a conspicuous character in the work—

"A laughing philosopher, the Democrites of our day, once compared human life to a table, pierced with a number of holes, each of which has a pin made exactly to fit it, but which pins being stuck in hastily, and without selection, chance leads inevitably to the most awkward mistakes. For how often do we see,' the orator pathetically concluded, 'how often I say, do we see the round man stuck into the three-cornered hole!' This new illustration of the vagaries of fortune, set every one present in convulsions of laughter, excepting one fat alderman, who seemed to make the case his own, and insisted it was no jesting matter. To take up the simile, however, which is an excellent one, it is plain that Triptolemus Yellowley had been shaken out of the bag at least a hundred years too soon. If he had come on the stage in our own time, that is, if he had flourished at any time within these forty or fifty years, he could not have missed to have held the office of vice-president of some agricultural society, and to have transacted all the business thereof under the auspices of some noble duke or lord, who,

as the matter might happen, either knew, or did not know, the difference betwixt a horse and a cart, and a cart-horse. He could not have missed such preferment, for he was exceedingly learned in all those particulars, which, being of no consequence in actual practice, go, of course, a great way to constitute the character of any connoiseur in any art, but especially in agriculture. But, alas! Triptolemus Yellowley had, as we have already hinted, come into the world at least a century too soon; for, instead of sitting in an arm-chair, with a hammer in his hand, and a bumper of port before him, giving forth the toast—"To breeding, in all its branches," his father planted him betwixt the stilts of a plough, and invited him to guide the oxen, on whose beauties he would, in our day, have descanted, and whose rumps he would not have goaded, but have carved. Old Jasper, his father, complained, that although no one talked so well of common and several, wheat and rape, fallow and lea, as his learned son, (whom he always called Tolimus) yet, 'dang it,' added the Seneca, 'nought thrives wi' un.' It was still worse, when Jasper, becoming frail and ancient, was obliged, as happened in the course of a few years, gradually to yield up the reins of government to the academical neophyte."

THE YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMENS' ARITHMETIC. By W. H. White, head master of the Commercial and Mathematic School, Bedford.

This is an excellent little work, and particularly deserving of the attention of all persons interested in the education of young persons.

JUST PUBLISHED.

A Celestial Atlas. Dedicated by permission to His Majesty. By Alexander Jamieson, A. M. Author of A Treatise on the Construction of Maps, &c. &c. 4to royal.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,

FOR JANUARY, 1821.

His Majesty passed the Christmas holidays at Brighton. Several concerts were performed, and fêtes were given with a magnificence characteristic of the royal donor. A juvenile ball afforded much satisfaction to the younger branches of the nobility; a number of whom left town on the occasion. Their Royal Highnesses the Princess Augusta and the Duchess of Gloucester were present at the Consecration of the New Chapel at the Pavillion. The singing gentlemen and choristers of Westminster and Windsor Cathedral afforded their powerful aid on this solemnity. The Chapel is neat and elegant, and is erected within the walls of the late Castle Inn. The Princess Augusta, on her return to Frogmore, gave an elegant Twelfth-night ball to the superior classes of her household and their friends. Her Royal Highness remained above two hours in the ball-room, partaking with the most affable condescension the happiness she diffused: the refreshments and supper were splendid. On the succeeding evening the inferior domestics and their guests were treated with equal liberality. Several of our nobility and principal commoners have kept this festive season of the year with old English munificence and hospitality.

From the contemplation of these pleasing scenes, we turn with pain to one of a most melancholy and fatal nature, the death of the interesting and lovely Miss Gayton in her seventeenth year. This young lady was on a visit at the house of the Rev. Mr. Murray, of Charles-street, Berkeley-square, who some years since married her sister, Miss Gayton, the celebrated dancer, by whom he has eight children. The eldest of them, a fine boy, about ten years of age, was to be the champion on the next day, the first of the new year, in a sketch of the Coronation procession with a young party. Master Murray had been very importunate for a pistol, and at length obtained one from his father, which was considered from its rust, and from its not having been used for above two years, to be unloaded. He ran eagerly to Miss Gayton, who was in the nursery, to shew his prize (for he most ten-

derly loved her), exclaiming, "Papa has given me a pistol at last, and now, aunt, I will shoot you." Fatally were his words verified! the bullet divided one of the principal arteries near the heart. She arose from her seat, cried out, "Oh, James!" staggered towards the bed, but fell down lifeless. The shrieks of the nurse-maid and Master Murray, with the report of the pistol, brought up the other members of the family, whose feelings it is easier to imagine than to describe. Such was her beauty, and the amiable qualities which the witnesses described her to have possessed, that the Coroner and several of the gentlemen of the jury, were affected even to tears, on viewing the body, and expressed their hope that this fatal accident would operate as a caution against similar ones.

His Majesty left Brighton at eight in the morning of the 17th in his travelling carriage, escorted by a party of Lancers, and arrived at Carlton Palace about a quarter before one. At two he held a court, at which were present, the Lord Chancellor, the first Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretaries of State, and other distinguished personages. For the first time the Duke of Dorset appeared as Master of the Horse, the Duke of Montrose as Lord Chamberlain, and the Marquis of Conyngham as Lord Steward. His Majesty then received the Recorder's report for the December Sessions, and next held a Privy Council, when Charles Watkin Wynne, Esq. M. P. and W. H. Freemantle Esq. M. P. were introduced at new members, and being sworn, took their seats accordingly. Lord Viscount Sidmouth had a closet audience with his Sovereign, and resigned his seals as Secretary of State to the Home Department. His Lordship, however, retains his seat in the Cabinet. The Right Hon. Robert Peel was introduced, and kissed hands on receiving the above appointment, his Majesty being most graciously pleased to invest him with the seals of office. His Majesty, whom we are happy to observe appeared in health and spirits, entertained a select party at dinner, and returned the next morning to the Pavillion, from whence he is expected to return to open Parliament, on the 5th of February, when he will take up his residence at Buckingham House, the interior of which has undergone extensive alteration and improvement.

The presents from this country, destined to the Dey of Tripoli, reached that country last September at an early period of that month, and were received by the Dey, on their being presented by Captain Smythe of the Adventure Sloop of war, with great satisfaction. They consist of a variety of articles, the principal of which are four field-pieces with every material belonging to them. The bashaw caused the gunner of the Adventure to fire them off twenty-one times; nor was this all, he caused some mules to be sent for, and placed in the harness belonging to the gun-carriages, and they were drawn in his presence repeatedly round the court-yard of his castle. The next morning the Dey sent as presents on board, two bullocks, several sheep, bread, eggs, and a variety of fruit. And to Captain Smythe he presented an elegant and valuable sword, the hilt of which is the horn of a rhinoceros, ornamented with embossed gold, and what renders it more precious to a Mahometan is, it has been blessed at Mecca. The expedition, under the care of Mr. Lebada, were preparing for their departure, and at the same time, they are prosecuting their researches amongst the ruins of Unbign. Captain Smythe is to trace and survey the whole line along the African coast, in the Gulf of Syria beyond Egypt. It no less singular than true, that this is the first attempt that has hitherto been made in these parts, ever since the days of ancient Greece and Rome, who were intimate with the whole; and it is expected that most important and curious information will be obtained by Captain Smythe, who is a very active, enterprising, and intelligent man.

Ireland. The new Viceroy of the sister kingdom, the Most Noble the Marquis of Wellesley, was received with highest demonstrations of joy and respect on his arrival.

Foreign affairs wear but a very gloomy aspect, particularly in Spain. The young Queen Isabella, wife of Ferdinand, whose engaging manners and superior qualities deserve a better fate, is absorbed in melancholy, and never quits the palace, even to take the air. A serious misunderstanding, leading even to the use of arms, has taken place between the Brazillians and the English stationed in that country. This is very distressing intelligence, as, whichever side conquers, it must place affairs in a state very prejudicial to our com-

mercial interests. A war is also spoken of as inevitable between the Russian and the Porte. The latest accounts from France do not remit any important intelligence; they state, the king's health to be rather improved than otherwise, since the last month, and his mind tranquil and serene. Our Parisian correspondent informs us of the decease of the Duchess of Bourbon, Princess of Condé. This illustrious lady was of the Orlean family, was born in 1750, and married to the Duke of Bourbon in her twentieth year, but soon lived separate from him; the only issue of this alliance was the amiable, but unfortunate Duke D'Enghein, who was assassinated at Vincennes, in 1804.

THE DRAMA.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

The season began on Saturday night the 12th instant, at this splendid theatre with Mozart's opera of "*Le Nozze Figaro.*" The house was well attended by an elegant audience. We did not notice any material alteration in the interior, except that the draperies are new and their disposition improved. There were several new appearances in the opera and ballet, some of which made a favorable impression. The chief novelty was Signora Caradoni in the character of Cherubino. It was her first appearance in this country, and an apology was circulated for her, claiming an indulgence, as she had undertaken the character at a short notice. Would it not have been more appropriate to have offered an apology for the managers in compelling the lady to make her *debût* in a part she could but have imperfectly studied? and under such circumstances it would be illiberal in us to criticise. Her figure is about the middle size, well proportioned, and her voice sweet and flexible.

"Pandore," a new ballet, succeeded the opera. It is founded on the destinies of Epimethus and Pandora, who, after undergoing a number of vicissitudes, are finally united, and made happy by Cupid. The agency in this piece are Gods

and Goddesses, Graces, Nymphs, and Furies, who not only condescend to make room for the dancers, but even to join in the pastime themselves in a very singular manner. The scenery is splendid and the dresses glittering. Monsieur deserves considerable commendation for the manner in which this ballet is produced, as well as the effective representation he gave to the hero of his own pantomime. In the female dancers there appears a striking deficiency of talent, compared to last season; but some new importations are expected. At the conclusion, the national anthem of God save the King was sung. A masquerade is announced for the 14th of this month.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

BUTLER, the author of Hudibras, makes the following satirical remark on our dramas:—"The Spanish invent plays, the French copy from the Spaniards, and the English translate and alter from the French." If such was our poverty of invention in those days, we certainly have not improved on it. What would Butler say now, if he was aware of our new species of theatrical produce? No sooner does the justly-celebrated novelist on the other side of the Tweed send forth an offspring of his prolific brain, than it is cut and twisted into an opera or melo-drame; whether the fable or characters are suitable for such a purpose, matters not; the title is made the magnet of attraction to the public; and if a visitor to the theatre has not previously read the novel thus dramatized, it is frequently impossible to connect the scenes. We are led into these remarks from the appearance of The Pirate at this theatre, as an opera, most of the songs being derived from the poetry of the original work. The story of The Pirate, as penned by the author of Waverly is not closely followed. Several characters are omitted; amongst these are the enlivening ones of Triptolemus Yellowley and his sister Barbara; and Claude Halcro is rendered very uninteresting. Minna and Brenda, the daughters of the Udallar, Magnus Troil, have little to do but to sing. One improvement (and a very judicious one) is made by throwing a greater degree of refinement into the conversation and manners of the Pirate, thus rendering it more consistent that

Captain Cleveland should engage the affections the amiable Minna. Norna, a sort of superior Meg Merrilies, appears to great advantage, particularly in the scene where she discovers the buccaneer to be her own son. The pedlar has much to bustle through the opera, which terminates with the marriage of the lovers.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE

Has no novelties to boast, during the last month, except the pleasing addition and variety afforded by the return of Miss Stephens to this house, of which she is so great an ornament. She played Polly, in The Beggars' Opera, and sang delightfully. Miss Hallande appeared as Macheath, and was deservedly honored with great applause.

SURREY THEATRE.

This theatre, and some other minor houses, have produced The Pirate, as well as that of Drury-lane. We have visited each as they made their appearance, and, in our opinion, guided by strict impartiality, we must give the triumph of excellence to Mr. Dibdin, whose peculiar merit and genius in the dramatic line is well known, and we esteem this additional proof of it as one of the happiest of his efforts. A second title is added to that of The Pirate—the Wild Woman of Zetland. The characters are well disposed, and the fable most chastely sustained in its delineation. Mrs. Glover, late of Drury-lane theatre, succeeds admirably as Minna. This lady is a great acquisition to Mr. Dibdin. The scenery is delightful, the shipwreck well managed, and the engagement between the pirate vessel and the Halcyon sloop of war, allowed by the audience to be most admirable. The costume accords with the time and country; indeed, not only the principal features of the novel has been attended to, but every connecting minutia to render it perfect. The Pirate is announced for representation every night until further notice; and the house fills enough to satisfy the rapacity of a Buccaneer. The entertainments of the evening conclude with a new and interesting afterpiece, entitled Leonora; or, Love in all its Horrors!

18
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MAY

Fashionable Ball Dress & Home Costume for Feb.

Invented by Miss Pidgeon Edward Street Portman Square.

Pub. Feb.y 1, 1831, by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR FEBRUARY, 1822.

BALL DRESS.

STRIPED-GAUZE dress over a white satin slip; the dress trimmed round the border with two wadded *rouleaux* of white satin, between which runs a light antique trimming of ornaments *en croix*, in satin, upheld by festoon-draperies of crape. Body of white satin elegantly ornamented with Urling's patent lace. The hair arranged in the vandycke style, and crowned with a full, oblong wreath of pomegranite-blossoms. White satin shoes, white kid gloves, and a necklace of twisted rows of pearls.

HOME COSTUME.

HIGH dress of rose-colored Cachemire, poplin, or *gros de Naples*, with one single flounce, headed by a full *rouleau* of satin. *Cornette* of fine lace, ornamented with knots of rose-colored satin riband; the hair dressed in antique ringlets. Triple ruff of lace, or of clear embroidered muslin, in delicate open work at the edge. Violet-colored slippers: a velvet shepherd's-pouch reticule of the same colour, finished with a spring clasp and chain of polished steel.

The above elegant and classical dresses were obligingly furnished by Miss Pierpoint, of Edward-street, Portman-square the inventress of the *Corset à la Grecque*.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THE most favorite envelope now for out-door costume, and which is suited equally to the promenade or the carriage, is a pelisse of velvet of a fine French black, made quite plain, and lined throughout with sarsnet. Cachemire shawls, with a white ground, adorned with rich variegated figures and borders, are much worn over high dresses, as the only out-door covering when the dress is of cloth or bombasin, and the weather mild. Plainness of dress, the most appropriate for the promenade, seems now very generally adopted.

The brown-beaver bonnet, with feathered border, and beau-

tiful plumage of the same color on the crown, is still in high favor; these kind of bonnets are lined with pink: we look on these head-coverings as more distinguishing of gentility than generally becoming: the black velvet bonnet, with drooping feathers, and lined with pink satin, is appropriate to the season, and suits almost every figure and complexion; the bonnets being much smaller impart a charm to the countenance, which they are still large enough properly to shade. Carriage velvet bonnets have a large polished steel buckle on the left side of the back part of the crown; while a beautiful plume of curled feathers falls over the right.

Scarlet poplin dresses are yet very prevalent at dinner-parties, and for the theatres; they formed a beautiful costume for our late Christmas fêtes. Silks or poplins also, of a light color, with rows of satin *bouillonés*, in bias, are much worn at social parties; these dresses are frequently bordered, when of silk, with a broad puckering of light blue or rose-colored crape, headed by a rich silk *cordon*. Black silk dresses, though yet prevalent, seem rather on the decline; and *gros de Naples* dresses of bright colors, are more in favor with our belles of high rank; with these are worn the beautiful Highland Tartan ribands, with a pearl edge, so rich, that it amounts almost to a fringe. In our print we have given a faithful representation of the present most approved home costume, which varies only in color, according to the taste of the wearer. The ball dress is equally novel; we have seen another of beautiful white gossamer, elegantly ornamented at the border with wreaths of geranium, or other wintry flowers.

Turbans of gauze, sprinkled all over with small artificial roses, form a very pleasing evening head-dress. A Scotch cap of scarlet shawl manufacture, with the crown figured in palm-leaves of black, the points meeting on the summit, with a small black esprit feather on the left side, is often worn at receiving dinner parties at home. Toque hats of white satin with feathers of a delicate color, are much in request for evening costume. The hair is not dragged so much from the forehead as it was last month, and the lovely countenances of our fair countrywomen have gained by this change.

In jewellery, coral is much worn, and the Maltese cross is a favorite ornament. Three rows of handsome gold chain are much in favor. Ornamental combs seem on the decline,

The new tortoise-shell reticules are rich and elegant; they are also very convenient; as the case, which seems compressed flat, by reason of the Turkey leathern folds, is capacious, when opened; the clasps are of beautifully cut polished steel. For the theatre or card parties, the reticule is very small, in the form of the shepherd's purse, and is of white velvet beautifully embroidered in the Spanish and Portuguese nunnery style, with different colored small beads in flowers.

A shawl of lavender-colored silk, with a rich border of different colors, is a beautiful finish to a white satin dress, and this we have observed remaining on the shoulders during a concert, where the lady chanced to be placed too near the entrance.

The favorite colors are rose, lavender, scarlet, violet, and celestial blue.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

The *magasins* in the Palais Royale, are now furnished with every elegant and novel appendage for the toilet, and tempt the passers-by to purchase amply for their wives, sisters, and daughters, at that period, so devoted to making presents, the commencement of a new year.

These presents however, chiefly consist of the *ornamental* parts of dress; we shall, therefore, hasten to lay before our readers, the most prevailing fashions in the French capital, which will be found, in many respects, to bear a striking similarity to our own: for, as with us, the most favorite out-door covering is a black velvet pelisse, but which in Paris is invariably lined with white satin, and when worn as a carriage-dress, is trimmed with white blond: this pelisse is confined at the waist with a belt of polished steel: the dress worn underneath is cambric, richly flounced.

Black velvet carriage bonnets are ornamented with gold *cordon*, and a full plume of curled white feathers; they are lined with white satin, and the edge is finished with white blond. A few straw hats are yet to be seen; they are trimmed with very broad satin riband, in large bows, with ends terminated by globular tassels; a puffing of doubled satin, in bias, finishes these hats at the edge. Figured satin hats are, however, more worn for walking, with a puffing of riband, dividing the crown from the brim. A new hat has appeared

at the morning exhibitions, of black velvet lined with cherry-color: it is turned up on each side and bent over the fore head, and crowned by five white curled feathers.

Round dresses of *gros d'été* are much admired for dinner costume; they are trimmed with full plaitings of the same material, at the border, in form of chaplets; and two beautiful rows of matting, wadded, are placed next the hem of the skirt. Merino dresses, or those of mock velvet, are often ornamented with a row of foliage trimming at the border, the same color as the dress: a smaller row terminates the long sleeve at the wrist; and the corsage is crossed over the bust in elegant drapery foldings. The newest Parisian ball-dress we last received an account of, is of black crape, with zig-zag drapery of the same; at each point of the zig-zag is a *bouquet* of flowers, and, at the opposite point a short strap of satin. The *corsage* is ornamented with drapery to correspond with the skirt, and is confined by six short strap fastenings; one in front of the bust, another in the middle of the back, one *before* each shoulder, and one *behind*. Some ball-dresses are of colored gauze, striped with ribands of the same color, with a pointed ornament at the border of satin foliage, each upward point headed by small plumes of white Marabout feathers. An excellent *toque* of blue and silver lama gauze, with a white plumage of Marabouts dispersed in various ways, is much admired as a ball head-dress. Another favorite head-dress for the ball-room, especially when the hair is dark, is a wreath of lilies, the buds and stalks of which are scarlet.

Ribbed-silk stockings are again in fashion for ladies; but the most highly approved silk stockings are wrought in fine lace-work; black satin slippers are in general estimation, and there is no shoe so well calculated to set off the charm of a pretty foot. Even for the promenade, slippers are more fashionable than half-boots.

The fans are of mother-of-pearl, the outside sticks are of wrought gold, beautifully ornamented with colored gems, and these are generally, real stones of immense value. The reticules are of plain silk, but have gold *cordons* and tassals of real pearls or colored gems. The price of these reticules are from twelve franks to a hundred Louis d'ors.

The favorite colors are canary-yellow, flame of burnt brandy, blue, and nut-brown.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE ANCIENT MONUMENT.

By T. B. C.

WHERE the southern aisle is portion'd off
By railings old and quaint,
A narrow window caught the eye,
Upon whose tinted panes on high,
Sprawl'd leopard, goat, and saint.

The rails, that nearly touch'd the roof,
Were carv'd with curious grace,
And form'd a square and dusky room,
Where proudly rose an ancient tomb,
That nearly filled the place.

Upon his back, in bearded state,
A sculptur'd knight was laid,
And meekly by his martial side,
Was laid a young and beauteous bride,
In marble robes array'd.

Plate armour cloth'd this gallant knight,
Save on his head and throat;
The lady's feet on a leopard lay;
The gallant knight's, in spurr'd array,
Were cross'd upon a goat.

A canopy of veined stone
With golden flowers bedight,
And tokens quaint of grief and love,
In tarnish'd grandeur swell'd above
This monumental knight.

His gauntlets lay his knee below,
  Beside his greaves so fair,
And his hands were join'd, and rais'd on high,
And upwards turn'd each marble eye,
  As he had died in pray'r.

High on the wall his helmet hung,
  His canker'd sword beneath,
And words, antiquely spelt, in gold,
To men now mouldering once had told
  His lineage, feats, and death.

But now the rays so dimly fell,
  Save on the marble white,
'Twas hard and long with pains to trace
The blazonry that told the race
  Of this redoubted knight.

But soon without the rails I found,
  Fix'd in an ancient stone,
A plate of brass, that bade me pray
For a gentil dame, the Lady Maye,
  And her sponse, the good Sir John.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACT

FROM "THE PARSON'S CHOICE OF TOWN AND COUNTRY."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RELIGIO CLERICI."

FREE from such passion, or for wealth or praise,
Still with mankind you wish to pass your days:
For this you quit the drowsy groves which nod
Where Cam's dull waters fat the slimy sod;
Shake off the catching slumber of the gown,
And pant to start a Neophyte in town,
There, in the busy herd, you hope to find
All that exalts and beautifies our kind;

Read Nature through, and study face to face
The living form and feature of our race;
Explore the mazes of the social plan,
And sound the shallows and the depths of man.

But what your means? excluded from the great,
Or held a mere retainer of their state,
With fruitless gaze you lift your aching eyes,
To the tall summits which affect the skies.
If scenes of middle life arrest your view,
What barrier separates middle life from you:
Not unconcern'd you mingle with the throng,
Move as it moves, and to the show belong;
The part he sees who shares the pomp is small,
The calm spectator only catches all.
"The poor at least." Aye, *there* is food enough
For bosoms made of "penetrable stuff,"
So wide the waste of sorrow, that the heart
Grows palsied, dead, and callous to the smart,
So vast the fold the shepherd ill can tend
Sheep which but little on his voice depend.
Try the next crowded alley; all around
Lie groups of ragged children on the ground,
Wasting in squallid idleness their time,
Or school'd but in the rudiments of crime.
Some, with a gamester's quick and greedy eyes,
The farthing chuck, and follow as it flies;
Above them others, not less eager, lean,
Shouting with frequent oath and phrase obscene.
Within a cellar's yawning gulph below,
(Tread with a cautious foot while down you go,)
Wrapt in a blanket, threadbare, old, and torn,
Groans one who joy'd not when her child was born;
Her double curse, for at her bosom lie
Twin babes, who taste of being but to die.
Close to her aching head and sleepless eyes
His noisy craft the surly husband plies;
And on the ground, half naked and unfed,
Three famish'd children feebly scream for bread.
Ah! happier they, whom in the holy wave,
Before they breathe their last, you haste to lave!

Or if above, your laboring steps explore
Some narrow-built, but thickly-peopled floor;

On as you creep, from every side arise
Sounds of hoarse dissonance and mangled cries;
Shrill notes of angry beldames, sharp return,
Taunt, curse, and threat, and answer fierce and stern;
Coarse jokes quick-bandied, and anon the shout
Of vulgar revelry and drunken rout.
A small, dim chamber on the topmost stair
Awaits you, clogged and foul with close-pent air;
All hush'd within, save, as you pause to hear,
A sob half stifled passes on your ear;
And when you enter, by a pallet bed
Kneels a pale form unconscious of your tread;
Fix'd on the pillow dwells her aching ball,
Hot with the tears which start, but will not fall;
And her quick ear, on each more hard-drawn breath
Hangs, as to catch the minute gasps of death.
Her hands, the little that they could, have spread,
Rude though it be, the holy cup and bread;
And call'd to minister with pious care,
Before her father sleeps, the Man of Prayer:
Before he sleeps, and she, alas! is thrown
Loose on the world, unfriended, and alone!
Oh! never, while his dying hand she bent
To take from mine the sacred Element,
Ne'er did the God she bar'd her heart to, see
A heart from any stain of earth more free!

Now when I meet her, and the scene of pain
With all its horrors rushes on my brain;
Her look of phrenzy, when upon his brow
Sprang the last death-drop—Oh! why meet her *now*?
Of other ills the meretricious cheek,
Hard eye, forced smile, and sidelong titter speak.
Ask you, what caus'd her ruin? She was thrown
Loose on the world, unfriended, and alone.

Griefs such as these the London Priest engage,
Condemn'd to witness, powerless to assuage:
Not his the purse, which yields enough supply
To quench the dropsied thirst of Penury;
Not his the counsel, which can youth secure
With Want to wring it, Vice at hand to lure.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE GIPSY.

In some retir'd, sequester'd barn,
Where owlet blinks at peep of day;
The roving gipsy, friendless born,
Will often make his weary stay.

At night the fire ascends on high,
The merry circle gathers round;
The cup they frequent gaily ply;
In every mouth the song does sound

At eve they come, at morn depart,
Nor cast one longing look behind;
Unroof'd again, they feel no smart;
But gives their sorrows to the wind.

They seek not learning, seek not wealth,
They seek not honors, fame's reward;
They only seek to live in health;
Scant pittance their's, and pillow hard.

To chance they trust; with frugal fare
Does niggard chance their wants supply;
And well, I ween, right glad they are,
When goose or chick makes revelry.

And this—the blot upon their name—
A blot, too true! although for food;
But gipsies care not much for fame,
And geese and chicks are very good.

Oblivion's veil o'er this be thrown;
Ourselves are not without a stain;
And few are those who cannot own,
One failing often proves their bane.

Let then kind pity, and her lovely band,
Receive the wandering gipsy at your door;
Let melting charity, with wide-op'd hand,
Bestow the morsel which they still implore.

FLORIAN.

PLEASING THOUGHTS ON A WINTER'S EVENING.

Soon the flow'rs of Spring will bloom
On stern Winter's dreary tomb,
Soon will come the rosy hours,
Breathing perfumes, shedding flow'rs.

Where the spotless snow is seen,
Spring will spread her mantle green,
The icy chain by Winter wove
Will melt before the month of love.

The thorn, now hung with frozen dew,
Will lose its icy splendor too,
But gain a mantle far more fair,
Whose bloom shall scent the morning air.

The now deserted, leafless tree,
Will boast its wonted minstrelsy,
The feather'd choir again will come,
Rejoicing in their leafy home.

When morn illumes the eastern skies,
The lark on early wing will rise,
Will leave her lowly nest and sing
Her song in praise of Nature's king.

Then chase each gloomy thought away,
A smile can cheer the dullest day,
The varying months will then appear,
A seeming summer all the year.

Newington Butts. J. M.

TO MY INFANT NEPHEW.

Welcome, thou little cherub, here,
Right welcome to this world of care;
May he who sits enthron'd on high,
Watch o'er thy tender infancy,
From fell disease protect thy frame,
The mother's grief and infant's bane,
And guide thee in the path that leads
The way to virtue's flow'ry meads,

Nor let thy footsteps run astray,
To where vice shews the "broader way."
May thou thy father's goodness share,
Bless'd with a mother's tend'rest care,
Their virtues imitate, and be
A source of pure felicity,
Their only hope, their every joy,
And claim the title, "darling boy!"

J. B—N.

TO MISS MARY W——.

I THOUGHT in absence to forget
The hopes long cherish'd, love, before,
And fled that angel-form, but yet
I only dwell on thee the more.
O thou art present still, my dear,
In all the fairest forms I see;
Though absent, mem'ry bring her near,
Who never, never thinks of me.

In vain in others' charms I seek
To bid remembrance fade and die;
Yet E—— has as fair a cheek,
And I—— as bright and soft an eye;
They cannot sooth the pain I feel,
Delighted fancy flees to thee;
In dreams I to the presence steal
Of her who never dreams of me.

O Lady! may the heart you love,
Responsive ever throb to thine;
And thy sweet bosom never prove
So lone a wilderness as mine.
Till life and love and thee forgot,
Each daily pray'r shall ever be,
That tears may never be the lot
Of her who never prays for me.

London, Sept. 1821. C—— H——.

CHARADE.—By J. M. LACEY.

EMBLEM of beauty! love's own flow'r!
My blooming first will e'er be known;
Born to delight with fragrant pow'r,
Unrivall'd and alone!

Maiden of beauty! love's own gem!
Thy name my next will make appear;
Fair as the flow'ret on its stem,
But, ah! how much more dear!

A plant my whole will to view;
It boasts not beauty, but its use,
Medicinal and fragrant too:—
Now name it, or you are a goose.

Marriages.

The Rev. Wm. Rees to Caroline Ann, daughter of the late John Lenthal, Esq. Burford, Bedfordshire. Geo. Longmore Esq. of Upwell, Norfolk, to Eliza Beckford, third daughter of Geo. Reynolds, esq. of Christ's Hospital. At Richmond, in Surrey, F. C. Meyer, Esq. of Great Portland-street, to Sarah Pomeroy, eldest daughter of Dr. Smith, of Richmond. James Gay, esq. of Aylsham, to Mary daughter of Wm. Lee, esq. W. J. Furlong, esq. of the 90th Regiment, to Miss Mary Anne Sophia Leigh. The Rev. Dr. Styles to Miss Sophia Colville, late of Parliament-street. Tho. Brown, M. D. to Sarah, daughter of the late Colonel Grate. Robert Monro, esq. to Mary, daughter of the late James Monro, esq. Lieut. Col. R. M. to Ann, daughter of the late T. Tucker, esq.

Deaths.

Emily, wife of Charles Tyrwhitt Jones, esq. At St. Ann's Hill, near Liverpool, aged 22, Jane, second daughter of Gilbert Henderson, esq. Francis Ethelbert Creswicke, son of Humphry Creswicke, esq. late of Hannam-court, Gloucestershire. At Godmanchester, Mr. John Fisher, aged 101. Barbara, daughter of Wm. Wilberforce, esq: M. P. Catherine, wife of Robert Ward, esq. M. P. Countess of Lisburne. In St. James's-square, her Grace the Duchess of St. Albans.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following are received—The communications of Miss A. M. Porter—Revenge, a tale,—Ella,—J. C. H.—Selim,—Azim,—Genevieve,—A Subscriber,—Ora,—J. D.—Mentor,—The Choice,—Chipping Norton,—* *,—G. W—n, Mrs N. L——.

L— is under consideration.

We shall be happy to receive the contributions of the *friend* of our much esteemed correspondent.

The Woman of Kent has not deceived us.

We have to apologise for the omission of Domestic Feuds—it shall appear next month

We know not whether we ought to express any sorrow or not at the circumstance, but, in reply to Laura's enquiry, we believe that the character she alludes to *is* a fictitious one; but we speak under correction.

W. H. C. has not written so well as usual.

The request of J. S. D. shall be complied with as soon as possible.

Scriblerus has adopted a very appropriate epithet.

18
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MAY

Engraved by J. Hopwood

Sir Walter Scott Bt.

Pub. March 1.1821 by Dean & Munday Threadneedle Street